THE PERFORMANCES OF THE ANTIENT MUSIC,

FOR THE SEASON 1807.

PUBLISHED BY THE PERMISSION

OF THE

Right Honourable Directors

OF THE SAME,

ARE MOST HUMBLY PRESENTED TO THE SUBSCRIBERS

BY THEIR MUCH OBLIGED AND

MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT

W. LEE,

No. 18, *Walnut-tree Wal*

Lambeth.

A

LIST OF THE PERFORMERS.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

Mrs. VAUGHAN,

Mrs. ASHE, and Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

Mr. HARRISON,

Mr. W. KNYVETT, Mr. SALE,

Mr. SALE, Jun. Mr. GORE, Mr. ELLIOTT,

Mr. GOSS, and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

CANTO CHORUS.

Mrs. Shepley
Miss Travis
Miss Smithers
Eight Royal Chapel Boys
Four Abbey Boys
Four St. Paul's Boys
Master Hedgeley
Master Jones

ALTO CHORUS.

Mr. Horsefall
Mr. Walker
Mr. Kendrick
Mr. Terry
Mr. Thomas
Mr. Jenks
Mr. Pars
Mr. Salmon, Jun.

Mr. Hawes
Mr. Harris

TENOR CHORUS.

Mr. John Page
Mr. I. Page
Mr. Jones
Mr. Goodson
Mr. Willoughby
Mr. Everett
Mr. Randell
Mr. Guichard
Mr. Dogherty
Mr. Griffiths
Mr. Henshaw
Mr. Cooke
Mr. Kemm
Mr. Watts

BASS CHORUS.

Mr. Fisher
Mr. Danby
Mr. Linton
Mr. Champness
Mr. Galot
Mr. Warren
Mr. Weight
Mr. Renholds
Mr. Tett
Mr. Ribbon
Mr. Elliott
Mr. V. Novello
Mr. Novello
Mr. Marquet
Mr. Fairclough
Mr. Clark

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Conductor............Mr. GREATOREX.

Leader...............Mr. Cramer.

VIOLINS.

Mr. Moralt
Mr. Hackwood
Mr. Rawlings, Jun.
Mr. Mahon
Mr. W. Griesbach
Mr. F. Griesbach
Mr. W. Pick
Mr. Wagner
Mr. Storm
Mr. Lindeman
Mr. Holmes
Mr. Chabran
Mr. Moeller
Mr. Bohmer
Mr. Collard

VIOLAS.

Mr. Shield
Mr. Ashley
Mr. Sharp
Mr. Zink
Mr. Willcox
Mr. Reeve

VIOLONCELLOS.

Mr. H. Griesbach
Mr. Eley
Mr. Moeller
Mr. Charles Lindley

OBOES.

Mr. Kellner.
Mr. Foster
Mr. Dickenson
Mr. Oliver

BASSOONS.

Mr. Holmes
Mr. Lyon
Mr. Kellner
Mr. Denman

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Mr. Neibour
Mr. Boyce
Mr. Smart
Mr. Addison

TRUMPETS.

Mr. Hyde
Mr. Cantelo

HORNS.

Mr. Leander
Mr. V. Leander
Mr. Kellner
Mr. G. Kellner

DRUMS.

Mr. Jenkinson

TROMBONES

Mr. Marriotti
Mr. Zink
Mr. Moeller

(No. I.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH,

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1807.

ACT I.

CORONATION ANTHEM. Zadock the priest. *Handel.*
Duet. Qual anelante. *Marcello.*
Chorus. Gloria in excelsis. *Pergolesi.*
Song. Gentle Morpheus. *(Alcides.)* *Handel.*
Sestetto. In braccio a te. *(Justin.)* *Handel.*
Quartet and Chorus. Then round. *(Samson.)* *Handel.*
Concerto. *(from Select Harmony.)* *Handel.*
Song and Chorus. Come if you. (*K. Arthur.*) *Purcell.*
Recit. Ye sacred Priests.
Song. Farewell ye limpid. } (*Jephthah.*) *Handel.*
Psalm XVIIIth. St. Matthew's Tune. *Dr. Croft.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (*Rodelinda.*) *Handel.*
Madrigal. Since first I saw. *Ford.*
Recit. Great Queen.
Song. Gentle airs. } (*Athalia.*) *Handel.*
Chorus. Venus laughing. (*Theodora.*) *Handel.*
Scene. (*from Tyrannic Love.*) *Purcell.*
Concerto 5th. (*Grand.*) *Handel.*
Song. Lord to thee. (*Theodora.*) *Handel.*
Grand Chorus. Hallelujah. (*Messiah.*) *Handel.*

ACT I.

ANTHEM. *Handel.*

ZADOCK the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon King: and all the people rejoiced and said, God save the King—long live the King—may the King live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.

DUET. Mrs. ASHE and Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Marcello.

Qual anelante cervo che fugge
Da fieri veltri, e cerca il fonte
In cui s'estingua sua sete ardente;
Tali son io, che da crudeli nemici miei
Sempre inseguito, vo'sospirando
Per mio ristoro l'alto soccorso di te, mio Dio!

I loro piedi mai muovon passo
Veloce tanto, che quando trattasi
Il sangue spargasi degl' innocenti.

CHORUS. *Pergolesi.*

Gloria in excelsis; Deo gloria
Et in terra pax.
Hominibus bonæ voluntatis.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN. (ALCIDES.) *Handel.*

Gentle Morpheus, son of night,
Hither speed thy airy flight,
And his weary senses steep
In the balmy dew of sleep;
That when bright Aurora's beams,
Glad the world with golden streams,
He, like Phœbus, blithe and gay,
May retaste the healthful day.

SESTETTO. Mrs. ASHE, Mrs. VAUGHAN,
Messrs. GOSS, Wm. KNYVETT, HARRISON,
and BARTLEMAN.
(JUSTIN.) *Handel.*

In braccio a te la calma
Del cor, dell' sen, dell' alma,
Mio caro al fin godrò.

In braccio a te mia vita,
Già lieta amor m'invita,
Chi più bel dì mirò ?
Mi rese il tuo valore
M accumolò l' onore
Tutta { la pace al cor. / la gloria al cor. }
Rinasce il secol d'or.
Siam lieti in questo giorno
E sparga il suon d'intorno,
Che doppo oscuro velo
Resplende chiaro il Cielo
E dà la pace al cor.
Cessate le procelle,
Amiche abbiam le stelle:
Del fato abbiam la palma :
Godiam felice calma,
Rinasce il secol d'or.

QUARTET. Mrs. VAUGHAN,
Mess. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT & BARTLEMAN.
and CHORUS. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Then round about the starry throne
Of him who ever rules alone,
Your heav'nly-guided soul shall climb :
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crown'd for ever sit;
And triumph over Death, and thee, O Time.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON,

and CHORUS. (KING ARTHUR.) *Purcell.*

Come, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound.
We come, we come, says the double beat of the thund'ring drum.
Now they charge on amain; now they rally again;
The gods from above the mad labour behold;
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.
The fainting Saxons quit the ground;
Their trumpets languish in the sound.
They fly! they fly! Victoria! the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won, to the plunder we run;
Then return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

RECIT. Mrs. ASHE. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stain'd
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of Heaven with humble resignation I obey.

SONG.

Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods!
Farewell, thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain!
Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

PSALM XVIII. (St. Matthew's Tune.) *Dr Croft.*

O God my strength and fortitude, of force I must love thee;
Thou art my castle and defence, in my necessity:
My God, my rock, in whom I trust, the worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield, the horn of all my health.

When I sing laud unto the Lord, most worthy to be serv'd;
Then from my foes I am right sure, that I shall be preserv'd.
The pangs of death did compass me, and bound me ev'ry where;
The flowing waves of wickedness, did put me in great fear.

The Lord descended from above, and bow'd the heav'ns
high,
And underneath his feet he cast, the darkness of the
sky;
On cherub and on cherubim, full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds, came flying all
abroad.

ACT II.

MADRIGAL.

Mrs. ASHE, Messrs. HARRISON,

Wm. KNYVETT and SALE. *Ford.*

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd
To honour and renown you ;
If now I be disdain'd, I wish
My heart had never known you.
What! I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
Shall we begin to wrangle ?
No, no, no, no ! my heart is fast,
And cannot disentangle.

RECIT. acc. Mr. HARRISON. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

Great Queen be calm ! these fears I deem
The birth of a delusive dream !
Let HARMONY breathe soft around,
For sadness ceases at the sound.

SONG.

Gentle airs, melodious strains,
 Call for raptures out of woe:
Lull the regal mourner's pains,
 Sweetly soothe her as you flow. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

VENUS, laughing from the skies,
Will applaud her votaries:
When seizing the treasure,
We revel in pleasure,
And revenge sweet love supplies.

SCENE from TYRANNIC LOVE. *Purcell.*

The Solo Parts by Mrs. VAUGHAN,

Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT,

and BARTLEMAN.

Hark! my Daridcar! hark! we're call'd below;
 Let us go to relieve the care
 Of longing lovers in despair;
 Merry we sail from the east,
 Half tippled at the rainbow feast;
In the bright moonshine, while the winds whistle loud,
Tivy, tivy, we mount, we fly, all racking along in a
 downy white cloud;

And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
We'll slide on the back of a new-fallen star.
But now the sun's down, and the element's red,
The spirits of fire against us make head;
They muster like gnats in the air:
Alas! I must leave thee, my fair,
And to my light horseman repair.
Oh! stay, for you need not to fear'em to night;
The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight,
And o'er the wide ocean we fight.
Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down,
And hiss in the water and drown.
But their men lie securely intrench'd in the cloud,
And a trumpeter hornet to battle sounds loud;
All mortals that spy
How we tilt in the sky,
With wonder will gaze,
And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.
Stay you to perform what the fates would have done:—
Then call me again when the battle is won.

QUARTET. and CHORUS.

So ready and quick is a spirit of air
To pity the lover and succour the fair,
That silent and swift the little soft god
Is here with a wish, and gone with a nod.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

Lord to thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope we sing and pray;
Though convulsive rocks the ground,
And thy thunders roll around,
Still to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope we sing and pray. *Da Capo.*

GRAND CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

HALLELUJAH.

END OF THE FIRST CONCERT,

(No. II.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1807.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Esther.*)	*Handel.*
Recit. Behold the nations. Chorus. O Baal! Monarch. Recit. No more, ye infidels. Chorus. Lord of eternity.	(*Deborah.*)	*Handel.*
Recit. acc. Rejoice, my. Chorus. Sing, O ye heavens.	(*Belshazzar.*)	*Handel.*
Canzonet. Soft Cupid.		*Travers.*
Introduction and Chorus. Ye sons.	(*Joshua.*)	*Handel.*
Concerto 1st.	(*Grand.*)	*Handel.*
Scene. Already see	(*Saul.*)	*Handel.*
Recit. Come, come. Song. Let the.	(*Samson.*)	*Handel.*
Recit. 'Tis well; six times. March. Air and Cho. Glory to God.	(*Joshua.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE and MINUET.	(*Iphigenia.*)	*Gluck.*
Recit. acc. Justly those evils. Song. Why does the God of. Chorus. Then shall they.	(*Samson.*)	*Handel.*
Song. O Lord have mercy.		*Pergolesi.*
Chorus. He gave them.	(*Israel in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*
Quartet and Chorus. Concinamus.		*Reading.*
Concerto 11th.		*Corelli.*
Chorus. The gods, who chosen.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*
Recit. Cease, O cease. Trio. The flocks.	(*Acis and Galatea.*)	*Handel.*
Double Chorus. The Lord.	(*Is. in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

Behold the nations all around,
What God-like Baal is renown'd?
To him your stubborn tribes would bow,
Did but the slaves their duty know.

CHORUS.

O Baal! monarch of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise!
From thee the sun, immensely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant robes of light:
By thee with stars the heav'ns glow;
The ocean swells, the rivers flow;
The vales with verdure are array'd,
The flow'rs perfume the thicket's shade:
And 'tis by the event confess'd,
Thy votaries alone are bless'd.

RECIT. Mr. J. B. SALE.

No more, ye infidels, no more!
False is the God whom ye adore;
A dull, brute idol, whose detested shrine
None but such wretches can believe divine.

CHORUS.

Lord of eternity! who hast in store
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor;
Look down, look down, from thy cœlestial throne,
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known!
Plead the just cause, thy awful pow'r disclose,
Avenge thy servants, and confound their foes!

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(Belshazzar.) *Handel.*

Rejoice, my countrymen; the time draws near,
The long expected time herein foretold:
Seek now the Lord your God with all your heart,
And you shall surely find him: He shall turn
Your long captivity:—He shall gather you
From all the nations whither you are driven,
And to your native land in peace restore you.

RECIT.

For long ago, whole ages, ere this Cyrus yet was born,
Or thought of, Great Jehovah, by his prophet,
In words of comfort to his captive people
Foretold, and call'd by name the wond'rous man.

RECIT. acc.

Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed,
Whose right hand I have holden, to subdue
Nations before him : I will go before thee,
To loose the strong knit loins of mighty Kings,
Make straight the crooked places, break in pieces
The gates of solid brass, and cut in sunder
The bars of iron. For my servant's sake,
Israel, my chosen, though thou hast not known me,
I have surnam'd thee : I have girded thee :
That from the rising to the setting sun
The nations may confess I am the Lord,
There is none else, there is no God besides me,
Thou shalt perform my pleasures to Jerusalem,
Saying, "Thou shall be built! and to the Temple,
"Thy raz'd foundation shall again be laid."

CHORUS.

Sing, O ye heavens! for the Lord hath done it :
Earth from thy centre shout :
Break forth, ye mountains, into songs of joy :
O forest, and each tree therein :
Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob,
And glorify'd himself in Israel.

HALLELUJAH. Amen.

CANZONETT. *Travers.*

Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT,
and BARTLEMAN.

Soft Cupid, wanton, am'rous boy,
The other day mov'd with my lyre,
In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy
And utter'd thus his fond desire.

O raise thy voice, one song I ask;
Touch then th' harmonious string;
To Thyrsis, easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be;
None like Beauty's Queen is fair,
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I straight reply'd, thou know'st alone
That brightest Chloe rules my breast;
I'll sing thee two instead of one,
If thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more
I crave; he promis'd me success.
I play'd with all my skill and pow'r,
My glowing passion to express.

But, O my Chloe, beauteous maid!
Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow?
Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
And by thy grant his power show?

I play'd with all my skill and pow'r,
My glowing passion to express.

INTRODUCTION & CHORUS. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

Ye sons of Israel, every tribe attend,
Let grateful songs and hymns to heaven ascend,
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks proclaim
One first, one last, one great Jehovah's name.

SCENE from SAUL.

SINFONIA.

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Already see the daughters of the land
In joyful dance, with instruments of music,
Come to congratulate your victory.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, mighty king,
Welcome all who conquest bring;
Welcome DAVID, warlike boy,
Author of our present joy:
SAUL, who hast thy thousands slain,
Welcome to thy friends again:
DAVID his ten thousands slew,
Ten thousand praises are his due.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

What do I hear?—am I then sunk so low
To have this upstart boy preferred before me?

FULL CHORUS.

DAVID his ten thousands slew,
Ten thousand praises are his due.

RECIT. Mrs. MOUNTAIN. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Come, come: no time for lamentation now;
No cause for grief; Samson, like Samson fell;
Both life and death heroic. To his foes
Ruin is left; to him eternal fame.

SONG.

Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud, up-lifted angel-trumpets blow;
Let the cherubic host, in tuneful choirs
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires:
Da Capo.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

'Tis well! Six times the Lord hath been obey'd,
Low in the dust, the town shall soon be laid:
Now the seventh sun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the shrill trumpets, shout and blow the horns.

MARCH.

AIR and CHORUS.

Glory to God! the strong cemented walls!
The tott'ring tow'rs, the pond'rous ruin falls;
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heav'n thunders, tempests roar, and groans the ground.
Da Capo.

ACT. II.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON.

(SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Justly these evils have befallen thy son;
Sole author I, sole cause. My griefs for this
Forbid mine eye to close, or thoughts to rest;
But now the strife shall end; me overthrown,
Dagon presumes to enter lists with God;
Who, thus provok'd will not connive, but rouse,
His fury soon, and his great name assert.
Dagon shall stoop, 'ere long be quite despoil'd
Of all those boasted trophies won on me.

SONG.

Why doth the God of Israel sleep?
Arise with dreadful sound,
And clouds encompass'd round,
Then shall the heathen hear thy thunder deep.

The tempest of thy wrath now raise.
In whirlwinds them pursue,
Full fraught with vengeance due,
'Till shame and trouble all thy foes shall seize.

CHORUS.

Then shall they know that he whose name
JEHOVAH is alone,
O'er all the earth but one,
Was ever the MOST HIGH, and still the same.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Pergolesi.*

O Lord! have mercy upon me, for I am in trouble; my strength faileth me.

But my hope hath been in thee, O Lord! I have said, Thou art my God.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He gave them hailstones for rain; fire mingled with the rain ran along upon the ground.

QUARTETTO. Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT,
and BARTLEMAN. *Reading.*

Concinamus; O sodales
Eja! quid silemus?
Nobile canticum,
Dulce melos, domum,
Dulce domum resonemus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Appropinquat ecce! felix
Hora gaudiorum,
Post grave tedium
Advenit omnium.
Meta petita laborum.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Ridet annus; prata rident,
Nosque rideamus.

Jam repetit domum
Daulius advena,
Nosque domum repetamus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Musa libros mitte fessa;
Mitte pensa dura;
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium,
Me mea mittito cura.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

CHORUS. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

The gods, who chosen blessings shed
On Majesty's anointed head;
For thee their care will still employ
And brighten all thy fears to joy.

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

(ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth,
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth and pow'rs above,
The pow'rs propitious still to Love.

TRIO. Mrs. VAUGHAN,

Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
E're I forsake my love.

Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As those dear smiles to me.

Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot bear.
Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly,
Die, presumptuous ACIS, die!

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

For the horse of Pharoah went in with his chariots, and with his horsemen into the sea. And the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them, but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

CHORUS.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances: and Miriam answered them.

AIR. Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.

The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

CHORUS.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.

The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

(No. III.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1807.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	*(Ariadne.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Wretched lovers.	*(Acis and Galatea.)*	
Recit. acc. I rage, I melt.		
Song. O ruddier than.		
Quintetto. Doni pace.	*(Flavius.)*	
Recit. If I give thee.	*(L'Allegro.)*	
Song. Let me wander.		
Chorus. And young and old.		
Concerto 2nd.	*(Oboe.)*	
Recit. From harmony.	*(Dryden.)*	
Chorus. From harmony.		
Song. What passion.		
Song and Chorus. The trum.		
Song. Orpheus could lead.		
Recit. acc. But bright.		
Air & Chorus. As from the.		

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (*with Ad. Movement.*)	*(Berenice.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. No more to Ammon's.	*(Jephthah.)*	*Handel.*
Scene in Bonduca. Divine Andate.		*Purcell.*
Glee. Oh! Nanny, wilt thou.		*Carter and Harrison.*
Recit. acc. Now strike the.	*(Alex.'s Feast.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Break his bands.		
Recit. acc. Hark! Hark!		
Song. Revenge, Timotheus.		
Overture and Chaconne.		*Jomelli.*
Requiem.		*Leo.*
Chorus. Gloria Patri.		

ACT I.

CHORUS. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

Wretched lovers! fate has past
This sad decree; No joy shall last:
Wretched lovers, quit your dream,
Behold the monster Polypheme!
See what ample strides he takes,
The mountain nods, the forest shakes,
The waves run frighten'd to the shores,
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECIT. acc. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart,
Thou trusty pine!
Prop of my godlike steps!—I lay thee by.
Bring me an hundred reeds, of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth,
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe,
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph, more bright
Than moon-shine night,
Like kidlings blythe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre,
Yet hard to tame,
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster! *Da Capo.*

QUINTETTO. Mrs. VAUGHAN, Mess. GOSS, HARRISON, Wm. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN, (FLAVIUS.) *Handel.*

Doni Pace ad ogni core
Quella gioia che sparì
E cessato or il dolore
Goda ogn' alma in questodì. *Da Dapo.*

RECIT. Mrs. MOUNTAIN. (L'ALLEGRO.) *Handel.*

If I give the honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

SONG.

Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
There the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe;
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shehperd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn, in the dale.
Or, let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

CHORUS.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail.
Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd to sleep.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA's DAY.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began.

RECIT. acc.

When Nature, underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.

CHORUS.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began;
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

What passion cannot music raise and quell,
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And wond'ring on their faces fell,
To worship the celestial sound;
Less than a god, they thought there could not dwell,
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum,
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

CHORUS.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alrams,
The double, double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum,
Cries, hark! the foe's come;
Charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre.

RECIT. acc. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

But bright Cecilia! rais'd the wonder high;
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,
An angel heard,
And straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

SOLO and CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour,
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high;

CHORUS.

The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

ACT II.

CHORUS. (Jephthah.) *Handel.*

No more to Ammon's God and King,
Fierce Moloch, shall our cymbals ring
In dismal dance around the furnace blue.
Chemosh no more
Will we adore
With timbrell'd anthems to Jehovah due.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. *Purcell.*

Divine Andate! President of war,
The fortune of the day declare,—
Shall we to the Romans yield?
Or shall each arm that wields a spear,
Strike it through a massy shield,
And dye with Roman blood the field?

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

To arms! your ensigns straight display,
Now set the battle in array;
The Oracle for war declares,
Success depends upon our hearts and spears.
Britons, strike home, revenge your country's wrongs,
Fight, and record yourselves in Druid's songs.

GLEE. Mrs. VAUGHAN,
Messrs. W. KNYVETT, HARRISON,
and BARTLEMAN. *Carter & Harrison.*

Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd in jewels rare!
Say cans't thou quit the busy scene,
Where thou art fairest of the fair?

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou, o'er his much lov'd clay,
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

RECIT. acc. Mr. HARRISON.

(ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,
Rouse him like a peal of thunder.

RECIT. acc.

Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around!

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes how they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand:
Those are Grecian ghosts
That in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain. *Da Capo.*

REQUIEM.

Requiem eternam dona eis,
Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Lux eterna luceat eis, Domine,
Cum sanctis tuis in eternum qui pius es.
Requiem eternam, &c.

Cum sanctis tuis in eternum quia pius es.

CHORUS. *Leo.*

Gloria Patri, Filio, et Spiritui Sancto: sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in secula seculorum. Amen.

END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

(No. IV.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL FORTESCUE.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1807.

ACT I.

Overture. Chorus. O the pleasures.	(*Acis and Galat.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Avert these omens.	(*Semele.*)	*Handel.*
Canzonet. Haste, my Nannette.		*Travers.*
Chorus. He sent a thick.	(*Israel in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*
Concerto 8th.		*Corelli.*
Song and Chorus. Must I.	(*Acis and Galat.*)	*Handel.*
Duet. The Lord is.	(*Israel in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. O God, who in thy.	(*Joseph.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

Overture.	(*Otho.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Softly rise. Chorus. Ye southern breezes.	(*Solomon.*)	*Dr. Boyce.*
Anthem. Sing unto God.		*Dr. Croft.*
Song. Tyrants would. Chorus. Tyrants ye in vain.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Tears such as tender.	(*Deborah.*)	*Handel.*
Concerto 4th.	(*Opera Quarto.*)	*Avison.*
Chorus. See from his post.	(*Belshazzar.*)	*Handel.*
Madrigal. Let me careless.		*Linley.*
Chorus. The Lord our enemy.	(*Esther.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

CHORUS. (Acis and Galatea.) *Handel.*

O the pleasures of the plains!
Happy nymphs, and happy swains!
Harmless, merry, free and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.
For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flow'rs display their hue.
For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine,
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine: *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

Avert these omens, all ye powers !
Some god, averse, our holy rites controuls;
O'erwhelm'd with sudden night the day expires!
Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls;
And Jove himself decends in show'rs
To quench our late propitious fires.

CANZONET.

Mrs. VAUGHAN and Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Travers.*

Haste, my Nannette, my lovely maid,
Haste to the bower thy swain has made;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And strew'd the couch with many a flower.

None but my sheep shall near us come;
Venus be prais'd, my sheep are dumb.

Great God of love, take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.

Guard thou the sheep to her so dear;
My own, alas! are less my care.

But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid:
For with her swain my love shall stay,
Tho' the wolf stroll, and the sheep stray.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He sent a thick darkness over all the land, even darkness which might be felt.

He smote all the first-born of Egypt: the chief of all their strength.

But as for his people: he led them forth like sheep:

He brought them out with silver and gold: there was not one feeble person among their tribes.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN, and CHORUS.

(ACIS and GALATEA.) *Handel.*

Gal. Must I, my Acis, still bemoan,
Inglorious, crush'd beneath that stone.
Cho. Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve,
Bewail not whom thou canst relieve.
Gal. Must the lovely charming youth,
Die for his constancy and truth?
Cho. Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art,
The goddess soon can heal the smart;
Gal. Say, what comfort can you find,
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind?
Cho. To kindred gods, the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

DUET. Mr. BARTLEMAN, and Mr. BELLAMY.

(ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The Lord is a man of war: Lord is his name.
Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea.
His chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.

CHORUS. (JOSEPH.) *Handel.*

O God, who in thy heav'nly hand
Dost hold the hearts of mighty kings,
O take thy Jacob and his land
Beneath the shadow of thy wings!
Thou know'st our wants before our pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be;
Thy tender mercies let us share,
O Lord, we trust alone in thee.

ACT II.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (SOLOMON.) *Dr. Boyce.*

Softly rise, O southern breeze,
And kindly fan the blooming trees;
Upon my spicy garden blow,
That sweets from ev'ry part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye southern breezes gently blow,
That sweets from ev'ry part may flow.

ANTHEM. *Dr. Croft.*

VERSE.

Sing unto God all ye kingdoms of the earth: O sing praises unto the Lord.

CHORUS.

Cry aloud, and shout, thou inhabitant of Sion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

Tyrants would, in impious throngs,
Silence his adorer's songs;
But shall Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute.

CHORUS.

Tyrants, ye in vain conspire;
Wake the lute, and strike the lyre.
Why should Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute?

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

Tears, such as tender fathers shed,
Warm from my aged eyes descend
For joy, to think, when I am dead,
My son shall have mankind his friend.

CHORUS. (Belshazzar.) *Hanael.*

See from his post Euphrates flies
The streams withdraws its guardian wave
Fenceless the queen of cities lies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, dost thou leave
Thy charge to hostile arms a prey?
Expose the lives thou ought'st to save,
Prepare the fierce invaders' way,
And like false man, thy trust betray?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Euphrates hath his task fulfill'd
But to divine decree must yield,
While Babel, queen of cities reign'd
Her flood, her guardian was ordain'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, like false man,
Thy trust betray?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now to superior power give place
And but the doom of Heav'n obey.

FULL-CHORUS.

Of things on earth, proud man must own,
Falsehood is found in man alone.

MADRIGAL. Mrs. VAUGHAN, Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, SALE, and BARTLEMAN. *T. Linley.*

Let me careless, and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying
With all the wanton boughs dispute;
And the more tuneful birds replying:
Till my DELIA with her heav'nly song
Silence the wanton boughs, and birds that sing among.

CHORUS. (ESTHER.) *Handel.*

The Lord our enemy has slain;
Ye Sons of Jacob sing a cheerful strain.

QUINTETTO. Mrs. VAUGHAN, Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, GOSS, and BARTLEMAN.

Sing songs of praise, bow down the knee,
The worship of our God is free.

CHORUS.

The Lord our enemy has slain;
Ye Sons of Jacob sing a cheerful strain;
For ever blessed be thy holy name,
Let Heav'n and Earth his praise proclaim.

DUET. Mrs. VAUGHAN and Mr. HARRISON.

The Lord his people shall restore,
And we in Salem shall adore.

CHORUS.

For ever blessed be his holy name,
Let Heav'n and Earth his praise proclaim.

DUET. Mr. BARTLEMAN and Mr. BELLAMY.

Mount Lebanon his firs resigns;
Descend ye cedars, haste ye pines,
To build the Temple of the Lord,
For God his people has restor'd.

CHORUS.

For ever blessed be his holy name,
Let Heav'n and Earth his praise proclaim.

END OF THE FOURTH CONCERT.

(No. V.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE.

FOR

LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1807.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and DEAD MARCH. Chorus. Envy, eldest born.	(*Saul.*)	*Handel.*
Music in the Tempest.		*Purcell.*
Song. Brave Jonathan. Chorus. Eagles were not. Song. In sweetest harmony. Chorus. O fatal day.	(*Saul.*)	*Handel.*
Concerto 1st.	(*Opera Terza.*)	*Geminiani.*
Chorus. Immortal Lord.	(*Deborah.*)	*Handel.*
Trio and Chorus. Disdainful.	(*Judas Mac.*)	*Handel.*
God save the King.		

ACT II.

OVERTURE. Recit. acc. Comfort ye. Song. Every valley. Chorus. And the glory.	(*Messiah.*)	*Handel.*
Madrigale. As now the shades.		*Dr. Cooke.*
Concerto 9th.		*Corelli.*
Chorus. For unto us.	(*Messiah.*)	*Handel.*
Recit. Folli e Colui. Song. Nasce al bosco.	(*Ætius.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. From the censer.	(*Solomon.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

CHORUS.

Envy, eldest born of Hell!
Cease in human breast to dwell;
Ever at all good repining,
Still the happy undermining.
God and man by thee infested,
Thou by God and man detested;
Most thyself thou dost torment;
At once the crime and punishment.
Hide thee in the blackest night,
Virtue sickens at thy sight;
Hence, eldest born of Hell,
Cease in human breast to dwell.

MUSIC in the TEMPEST. *Purcell.*

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Foot it featly here and there,
And let the rest the burthen bear.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark!
The watch-dogs bark:
Hark! I hear
The strain of chanticleer.

CHORUS.

Around, around we pace
About this cursed place;
While thus we compass in
These mortals and their sin.

SONG. Mr. Wm. KNYVETT.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones is coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

CHORUS.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

QUARTETTO.

Mrs. VAUGHAN, and Mrs. SHEPLEY,

Messrs. HARRISON, and I. B. SALE.

Where the bee sucks there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On a bat's back do I fly
After sun-set, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

DUET. Mrs. VAUGHAN and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

No stars again shall hurt you from above,
But all your days shall pass in peace and love.

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The LORD, strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

FULL CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

Brave JONATHAN his bow ne'er drew
But wing'd with death his arrow flew
And drank the blood of slaughter'd foes;
Nor drew great SAUL his sword in vain,
It reek'd where e'er he dealt his blows
With entrails of the mighty slain.

CHORUS.

Eagles were not so swift as they,
Nor lions with so strong a grasp
Held fast and tore the prey.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

In sweetest harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious son ne'er left his father's side,
But him defending, bravely dy'd:
A loss too great to be surviv'd!
For Saul, ye maids of Israel moan,
To whose indulgent care
You owe the scarlet and the gold you wear,
And all the pomp in which your beauty long has shone.

CHORUS.

Oh, fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
Oh, Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die!
For thy King and Country slain.

SOLO. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

For thee, my brother Jonathan,
How great is my distress,
What language can my grief express?
Great was the pleasure I enjoy'd in thee,
And more than woman's love,
Thy wond'rous love to me.

CHORUS.

O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
Where, Israel is thy glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy arms, and sunk in infamy
How cans't thou raise again thy drooping head?

CHORUS. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

Immortal Lord of earth and skies,
Whose wonders all around us rise;
Whose anger, when it awful glows,
To swift perdition dooms thy foes:
O grant a leader to our host,
Whose name with honour we may boast;
Whose conduct may our cause maintain,
And break our proud oppressors' chain!

Glee for Four Voices. Mrs. VAUGHAN,
Mess. HARRISON, KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN,

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my ANNA?
Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Green wood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown,
Shepherds tell me whither?
Ah! woe is me, perhaps she's gone
For ever and for ever!

TRIO. Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.
(JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That thy power, O Jehovah! all nations may know.

GOD SAVE THE KING. Verse and Chorus.

ACT II.

RECIT. acc. Mr. HARRISON.

(MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

SONG.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

MADRIGALE.

Mrs. VAUGHAN, Messrs. HARRISON,
W. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN. *Dr. Cooke.*

As now the shades of eve imbrown
The scenes where pensive poets rove,
From care remote, from envy's frown,
The joys of inward calm I prove.

What holy strains around me swell!
No wildly rude tumultuous sound;
They fix the soul in magic spell;
Soft let me tread this favour'd ground.

Sweet is the gale that breathes the spring,
Sweet thro' the vale yon winding stream;
Sweet are the notes love's warblers sing,
But sweeter friendship's solemn theme.

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ÆTIUS.) *Handel.*

Folle è Colui,
Che al tuo favor si fida
Instabile fortuno
Pur troppo o sorte infida.

SONG.

Nasce al bosco in rozza cuna,
Un felice pastorello
E con l' aure di fortuna,
Giunge i regni a dominar.
Presso al trono in regie fasce
Seventurato un altro nasce,
E fra l'ire della sorte,
Va gli menti a pascolar. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

From the censer curling rise
Grateful incense to the skies;
Heaven blesses David's throne,
Happy, happy, Solomon.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Live, live for ever, pious David's son;
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

(No. VI.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1807.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH.	(*Occasional Oratorio.*)	
Song. Come, come thou.		
Song. Come, rather goddess.		
Song & Chorus. Populous.		
Recit. Me, when the sun.		
Song. Hide me from day's.	(*L'Allegro.*)	*Handel.*
Song and Chorus. These.		
Recit. But let my due feet.		
Chorus. There let the.		
Song & Cho. These pleasures.		
Duet. As steals the morn.		
Concerto 4th.	(*Oboe.*)	
Trio and Chorus. Fear no danger.		*Purcell.*
Glee. Come live with me.		*Webbe.*
Chorus. How excellent thy name.	(*Saul.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th.	(*From his Trios.*)	*Martini.*
Music in Macbeth.		*Locke.*
Glee. Gently touch.		*Geminiani.*
Duet and Chorus. Happy we.	(*Acis and Galat.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. The many rend.	(*Alexander's Feast.*)	*Handel.*
Concerto 9th.		*Geminiani Corelli.*
Chorus. Christus factus.		*Asola.*
Recit. O worse than death		
Song. Angels ever bright.	(*Theodora.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Worthy is the lamb.	(*Messiah.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (L'ALLEGRO.) *Handel.*

L'All. Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heav'n y'clep'd Euphrosyne;
And by men, heart-easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Il Pen. Come rather, goddess, sage and holy;
Hail divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
Thee, bright hair'd vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore.

SONG. Mr. J. B. SALE.

Populous cities please me then,
And the busy hum of men.

CHORUS.

Populous cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men;
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms; while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. acc. Miss HUGHES.

(Il Pensieroso.)

Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves:
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look.

SONG.

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honey'd thigh,

Which at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep,
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
Then, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath;
Sent by some spirit to mortals' good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (L'ALLEGRO.)

L'All. These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

CHORUS.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN. (IL PENSIEROSO.)

Il Pen. But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale;
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof:
And story'd windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

CHORUS.

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd choir below,
In service high and anthem clear,

SOLO.

As may with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

These pleasures, Melancholy give,
And I with thee will chuse to live·

CHORUS.

These pleasures, Melancholy give,
And we with thee will chuse to live.

DUET. Miss HUGHES and Mr. HARRISON.

As steals the morn upon the night
And melts the shades away,
So Truth does Fancy's charms dissolve,
And rising Reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

TRIO. (Dido & Æneas.) *Purcell.*

and CHORUS.

Fear no danger to ensue,
The hero loves as well as you;
Ever gentle, ever smiling,
And the cares of life beguiling: *Da Capo.*
Cupids strew your paths with flowers,
Gather'd from Elysian bowers. *Da Capo.*

GLEE.

Messrs. W. KNYVETT, HARRISON, ELLIOTT, and BARTLEMAN. *Webbe.*

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That grove and valley, hill and field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flow'rs and rural kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
A coral clasp, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If joys like these thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

CHORUS. (Saul.) *Handel.*

How excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne!

AIR. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

An infant rais'd by thy command,
To quell thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppose.

TRIO-CHORUS.

Along the monster Atheist strode,
With more than human pride!
And armies of the living God,
Exulting in his strength defy'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

The youth inspir'd by thee, O Lord!
With ease the boaster slew;
Our fainting courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious crew.

CHORUS.

How excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne!

HALLELUJAH.

ACT II.

MUSIC in MACBETH. *Locke.*

1st. Witch. Mr. SALE, Jun.

Speak, sister, speak; is the deed done?

2d. Witch. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Long ago, long ago,
Above twelve glasses since have run:
Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Or single; but follow'ng crimes on former wait,
The worst of creatures fastest propogate:

1st. Witch. Many more murders must this one ensue,
Dread horrors still abound
In ev'ry place around
As if in death were found
Propagation new.
He shall, he will,
He must spill
Much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

L 2

CHORUS.

He shall, he will,
He must spill
Much more blood,
And become worse to make his title good.

1st. Witch. Now let's dance.
2d. Witch. Agreed, agreed:

CHORUS.

Agreed, agreed.
We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

AIR. Mr. SALE, Jun.

When cattle die, about we go;
When light'ning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks asunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What should we do?

CHORUS.

Rejoice—we should rejoice.

AIR. Mr. SALE, Jun.

When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do?

CHORUS.

Rejoice—we should rejoice.

AIR. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death,
Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel;
To some old saw, or bardish rhime,
Where still the mill-clack does keep time:
Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, dance we,
And thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum;
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;
Or if with none of these we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.

CHORUS.

At the night-raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To the echoes from the hollow hill.

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

1st. *Witch.* Hecate, Hecate, come away!

Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Hecate. Hark! hark! I'm call'd.

AIR.

Hecate. My little merry airy spirit, see! see!
Sits in a foggy cloud and waits for me.

RECIT.

1st. Witch. Hecate! Hecate!

AIR.

Hecate. Thy chirping voice I hear,
So pleasing to my ear,
To which I haste away,
With all the speed I may.

RECIT.

Hecate & Witches. Where's Puckle!
3d. Witch. Here!
Hecate. Where's Stradling?
2d. Witch. Here!
1st. Witch. And Hopper too,
And Hellway too,
We want but you!

CHORUS.

Come away, come away,
Make up the account.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

With new fall'n dew,
From church-yard yew,
I will but 'noint,
And then I'll mount,
Now I'm furnish'd for my flight.

AIR and CHORUS.

Now we go, now we fly,
MALKIN, my sweet spirit and I:
O what a dainty pleasure is this,
To sail in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
To sing, to dance, toy and kiss:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over hills, and misty fountains,
Over steeples, towns, and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.

CHORUS.

Round, around, around about;
All ill come running in,
All good keep out.

RECIT.

1st. Witch. Here's the blood of a bat!
Hecate. O put in that—put in that!
1st. Witch. Here's lizard's brain!
Hecate. Put in a grain!
1st. Witch. Here's juice of toad; here's oil of adder,
Which will make the charm grow madder.

QUARTETTO.

Put in all these, 'twill raise the stench.

RECIT.

Hecate. Hold! here's three ounces of a red hair wench!

CHORUS.

Round, around, around about;
All ill come running in,
All good keep out.

GLEE. *Geminiani.*
Harmonized by Dr. Hayes.

Mrs. VAUGHAN, Miss TRAVIS, Mr. HARRISON,
and Mr. BARTLEMAN,

Gently touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will soothe her breast;
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

DUET. Mrs. VAUGHAN and Mr. HARRISON,

and CHORUS.

(ACIS and GALATEA.) *Handel.*

——————Happy we;
What joys I feel! What charms I see!
Of all youths, thou dearest boy!
Of all nymphs, thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!

CHORUS. (ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

The many rend the skies, with loud applause,
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

CHORUS. *Asola.*

Christus factus est pro nobis: obediens usque ad mortem: mortem autem crucis.

Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illium, et dedit illi nomen quod est super omne nomen.

RECIT. Miss HUGHES. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

O worse than death indeed! Lead me ye guards,
Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames;
I'll thank your gracious mercy.——

SONG.

Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever! Amen.

END OF THE SIXTH CONCERT.

(No. VII.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL FORTESCUE.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1807.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Atalanta.*)	*Handel.*
Duet and Chorus. See the.	(*Judas Mac.*)	*Handel.*
Recit. My cup is full Song. Shall I in Mamre's Chorus. For all these.	(*Joshua.*)	*Handel.*
Trio. Non è amr.	(*Alcina.*)	*Handel.*
Recit. Haste we, my brethren. Chorus. Hear us, O Lord.	(*Ju. Mac.*)	*Handel.*
Madrigale. In the merry month of May.		*Dr. Cooke.*
Concerto 10th.		*Corelli.*
Anthem. Ascribe unto the Lord.		*Travers.*
Chorus. Gloria Patri.	(*Jubilate.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	(*Henry Fourth.*)	*Martini.*
Chorus. He spake the word.	(*Israel in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Rendo il sereno.	(*Sosarmes.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. O Father, whose.	(*Judas Mac.*)	*Handel.*
Concerto 4th.	(*From his Solos.*)	*Geminiani.*
Song. Vo solcando.		*Vinci.*
Chorus. He rebuked.	(*Israel in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Why do the nations. Chorus. Let us break.	(*Messiah.*)	*Handel.*
Madrigale. Donne la pura.		*R. Giovanelli.*
Chorus. Fix'd in his.	(*Samson.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

SEMI-CHORUS. (JUDAS MAC.) *Handel.*

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

SEMI-CHORUS.

See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreathes and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

FULL-CHORUS.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (Joshua.) *Handel.*

My cup is full, how blest in this decree:
How can my thanks suffice, the Lord and Thee,

SONG.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain,
The remnant of my days remain?
And is it giv'n to me to have
A place with Abraham in the grave?
For all these mercies I will sing,
Eternal praise to Heav'n's high King.

CHORUS.

For all these mercies we will sing,
Eternal praise to Heav'n's high King.

TRIO. Mrs. VAUGHAN, Mr. HARRISON,
and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(Alcina.) *Handel.*

Non è amor, nè gelosia:
È pieta; è dèsio che lieta godi.
Non t'offendo, non t'inganno,
Cruda donna rio tiranno,
Non voglio da voi mercè
Solo affanni e solo pene,
Premio fian di vostra fè.

Che ascose frodi, iniqua menti!
Non sperar da noi mercè,
Caro sposo solo gioia è solo bene,
Premio fian di nostra fè.

Che fallaci infido accenti!
Indegna taci,
Non sperar da noi mercè.
Anima mia, solo gioia è solo bene,
Premio fian di nostra fè.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on the LORD, our strength and shield!

CHORUS.

Hear us, O LORD, on thee we call.
Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fall!

MADRIGALE.

Mrs. VAUGHAN, Messrs. HARRISON,
W. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN. *Dr. Cooke.*

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day;

Forth I walked by the wood side,
Where as May was in his pride;

There I spyed all alone,
Phillida and Corydone.
Much ado there was God wot,
For he would love, but she would not.

She said man was never true;
He said none was false to you:
He said he had lov'd her long;
She said love should have no wrong.

Corydone would kiss her then,
She said maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all;
Then, oh! then, she made the shepherd call
On all the heavens to witness truth
That never lov'd a truer youth.

Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth;
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse.

Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phillida with garland gay
Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

ANTHEM. *Travers.*

SOLO. Mr. HARRISON.

Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people ascribe unto the Lord worship and power.

Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due unto his name: bring presents, and come unto his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is King: and that it is he who hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved; and how that he shall judge the people righteously.

SOLO. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad: let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

Let the fields be joyful and all that is in it: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.

QUARTET. and CHORUS.

For he cometh to judge the earth and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth. Amen.

CHORUS. (JUBILATE.) *Handel.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

ACT II.

CHORUS. (Israel in Egypt.) *Handel.*

He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies and lice in all their quarters.

And the locusts came without number, and devoured the fruits of the ground.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (Sosarmes.) *Handel.*

Rendi il sereno al ciglio,
  Madre non, piange più.
Temer d'alcun periglio,
Oggi come puoi tu?

CHORUS. (Judas Macc.) *Handel.*

O Father, whose almighty power
The heavens, and earth, and seas adore!
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defensive band unite;
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save!

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN. *Vinci.*

Vo solcando un mar crudele,
Senza vele, e senza sarte;
Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,
Cresce il vento, e manca l'arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son costretto e seguitar,
Infelice in questo stato
Son da tutti abandonato:
Meco è sola l'Innocenza
Che mi porta a naufragar. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (Israel in Egypt.) *Handel.*

He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up.

He led them through the deep, as through a wilderness.

But the waters overwhelmed their enemies; there was not one of them left.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Why do the nations so furiously rage together; and why do the people imagine a vain thing?

The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed.

CHORUS.

Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yokes from us.

MADRIGAL for Eight Voices,

Mrs. VAUGHAN, Miss TRAVIS,

Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, GOSS,

ELLIOTT, J. B. SALE, and SALE.

Ruggiero Giovanelli. 1597.

Donne la pura luce
Debei vostr' occhi chiari
Che a noi felice tramoutan educe
Mentre solchiam d'amor.
Gli ondosi mari
Suoli i petti ferir
Ne però chiama
Salute il cor:
Ma novi colpi brama
Stravaganza d'amore
Che delle piaghe sue
Sì glorii un core.

CHORUS. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Fix'd in his everlasting seat,
JEHOVAH rules the world in state,
Great DAGON rules the world in state,
His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast.
The stars, with deep amaze,
Remain in steadfast gaze.
Great DAGON is, of Gods, the first and last.
JEHOVAH is, of Gods, the first and last.

END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

(No. VIII.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF WILTON.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1807.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Ptolomy.*)	*Handel.*
Duet. O never bow. Chorus. We never will bow.	(*Judas Mac.*)	*Handel.*
Trio. Pleasure's enchanted ground.		*Travers.*
Chorus. See the proud chief.	(*Deborah.*)	*Handel.*
Concerto 1st.		*Corelli.*
Frost Scene.	(*King Arthur.*)	*Purcell.*
Recit. My arm! Song. Sound an alarm. Chorus. We hear.	(*Judas Macc.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2d.	(*Grand.*)	*Handel.*
The Passions.	(*Solomon.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Ti parli in seno.	(*Farnace.*)	*Perez.*
Chorus. Cum sancto spiritu.		*Pergolesi.*
Concerto 11th.		*Geminiani Corelli.*
Ode. Blest pair of Syrens.		*J. S. Smith.*
Song. Sorge infausta.	(*Orlando.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Around let acclamations.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

DUET. Mrs. VAUGHAN and Mrs. SHEPLEY.

(JUDAS MAC.) *Handel.*

O never, never bow we down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone;
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone——
We worship God, and God alone.

TRIO. Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN. *Travers.*

Pleasure's enchanted ground I'll tread,
Where Love and youthful Fancy lead,
For life as yet is in her spring,
As yet I'll toy, and laugh, and sing.

When *Cynicks* rail, or *Pedants* frown,
My smile repays their angry brow;
Their rigid maxims I disown,
I hate the gloomy, selfish crew.

Be mine the joys of social life,
Where Innocence and Peace reside;
Still may good nature vanquish strife,
And Honor's reign each action guide.

While *Phillis* is as kind as fair,
Fly discontent and sullen care;
Her smiles can make perpetual spring,
With her I'll toy, to her I'll sing.

CHORUS. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

See the proud chief advances now
With sullen march and gloomy brow;
Jacob arise, assert thy God,
And scorn Oppression's iron rod.

FROST SCENE. (KING ARTHUR.) *Purcell.*

(CUPID.) Mrs. VAUGHAN.

What ho! thou Genius of this isle! what ho!
Ly'st thou asleep beneath those hills of snow?
What ho! stretch out thy lazy limbs! awake!
And winter from thy furry mantle shake.

(COLD GENIUS.) Mr. BARTLEMAN.

What power art thou, who from below
Hast made me rise, unwilling and slow,
From beds of everlasting snow?
See'st thou how stiff, and wond'rous old,
Far, far unfit to bear the bitter cold?
I can scarcely move, or draw my breath;
Let me freeze again to death.

CUPID.

Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?
    At love's appearing,
    All the sky clearing,
The stormy winds their fury spare.
Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?
    Winter subduing,
    Spring renewing,
My beams create a more glorious spring,
Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?

COLD GENIUS.

Great Love! I know thee now!
Eldest of the gods art thou!
Heaven and earth by thee were made;
Human nature
Is thy creature,
Every where art thou obey'd.

CUPID.

'Tis I that have warm'd you:
In spite of cold weather,
I've brought you together;
'Tis I that have warm'd you.

CHORUS.

'Tis Love that has warm'd us;
In spite of cold weather,
He brought us together;
'Tis Love that has warm'd us.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

(JUDAS MAC.) *Handel.*

My arms! Against this Gorgias will I go—
The Idumean governor shall know,
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR.

Sound an alarm!——Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around——
Who listeth, follow——To the field again:——
Justice with courage is a thousand men. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleasing, dreadful call,
And follow thee to conquest:—If to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

ACT II.

THE PASSIONS.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (Solomon.) *Handel.*

Sweep, sweep the strings, to soothe the royal fair,
And rouse each passion with th' alternate air.

AIR and CHORUS.

Music spread thy voice around,
Sweetly flow the lulling sound.

AIR and CHORUS.

Now a different measure try,
Shake the dome and pierce the sky;
Rouse us next to martial deeds,
Clanking arms and neighing steeds
Seem in fury to oppose—
Now the hard-fought battle glows.

RECIT and CHORUS.

Then, at once, from rage remove,
Draw the tear from hopeless love;
Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair.

RECIT.

Next the tortur'd soul release,
And the mind restore to peace.

AIR and CHORUS.

Thus rolling surges rise,
And plough the troubled main;
But soon the tempest dies,
And all is calm again.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN. (Farnace.) *Perez.*

Ti parli in seno amore
Per l'innocent figlio;
Ma ti favelli al core
L'offessa maestà.
Alla pria che fra ritorte
Sia nel vicin periglio,
Guidalo in braccio a morte;
Questo è per lui pietà. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Pergolesi.*

Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei patris.
Amen.

ODE for Five Voices, and CHORUS. *J. S. Smith.*

Blest pair of Syrens! pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters! VOICE and VERSE!
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-raised phantasie present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
As sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee:
Where the bright seraphin, in burning row,
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms,
Singing everlastingly,
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, 'till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd

In perfect diapason; whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O! may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (Orlando.) *Handel.*

Sorge infausta una Procella
Che oscurar fa il Cielo e'l mare
Splende fausta poi la stella
Ch' ogni cor ne fa goder.
Può tallor il forte errare,
Ma, risorto dall' errore,
Quel che pria gli diè dolore
Causa immenso il suo piacer. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (Athalia.) *Handel.*

Around let acclamations ring,
Hail, royal youth! long live the King!

SOLO. Mr. Wm. KNYVETT.

Reviving Judah shall no more
Detested images adore;

We'll purge, with a reforming hand,
Idolatry from out the land:
May God from whom all mercies spring,
Bless the true Church and save the King!

GRAND CHORUS.

Bless the true Church, and save the King.

END OF THE EIGHTH CONCERT.

(No. IX.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE,

FOR

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1807.

ACT I.

Opening and Chorus. We praise thee, O God.	*(Det. Te Deum.)*	*Handel.*
Quartet and Chorus. His body is buried.	*(Funeral Anthem.)*	*Handel.*
Canzonet. I, my dear.		*Travers.*
Concerto 11th.	*(Grand)*	*Handel.*
Quartet and Chorus. Their sound.	*(Messiah.)*	*Handel.*
Recit. She's gone. Song. Guardian Angels.	*(Time and Truth.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Gird on thy sword.	*(Saul.)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

Overture.	*(Hercules.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Your harps.	*(Solomon.)*	*Handel.*
Recit. To Heaven's Almighty. Song. O Liberty! thou.	*(Ju. Mac.)*	*Handel.*
Pastoral Symphony. Recit. There were shepherds. Chorus. Glory to God.	*(Messiah.)*	*Handel.*
Recit. I feel the Deity. Song. Arm, Arm, ye brave. Chorus. We come, we.	*(Judas Mac.)*	*Handel.*
Concerto 6th.		*Corelli.*
Chorus. The Depths.	*(Israel in Egypt.)*	*Handel.*
Madrigale. Now is the month.		*Morley.*
Anthem. The King shall rejoice.		*Handel.*

ACT I.

OPENING and CHORUS.

(Dettingen Te Deum.) *Handel.*

We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee; the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens and all the powers therein.

To thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry.

Holy, Holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth: Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

QUARTET and CHORUS.

(Funeral Anthem.) *Handel.*

His body is buried in peace.
But his name liveth evermore.

CANZONET.

Mr. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Handel.*

I, my dear, was born to day,
So all my jolly comrades say;
They bring me music, wreaths and mirth,
And ask to celebrate my birth.

Little, alas! my comrades know,
That I was born to pain and woe;
To thy denial, to thy scorn,
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wish to die, ev'n whilst I say,
I, my dear, was born to day.

I, my dear was born to day,
Shall I salute the rising ray?
Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda, thou alone dost know.

Shall the wreath surround my hair,
Or, shall the music please my ear?
Shall I, my comrades' mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live?

Then let me see great Venus chase,
Imperious anger from thy face:
Then let me hear thee smiling say,
Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

QUARTETTO.

Mrs. VAUGHAN, Messrs. W. KNYVETT, HARRISON, BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

(MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

(TIME AND TRUTH.) *Handel.*

She's gone, and Truth descending from the sky,
Clad in bright beams its glorious light displays:

RECIT. acc.

O thither let me cast my longing eye,
And strive to merit the inspiring rays.

SONG.

Guardian angels! O protect me!
And in virtue's paths direct me,
While resign'd to heav'n above;
Let no more this world deceive me,
Nor vain idle passions grieve me,
Strong in faith, in hope, in love.

CHORUS. (Saul.) *Handel.*

Gird on thy sword, thou man of might,
Pursue thy wonted fame;
Go on, be prosperous in fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew name.
Thy strong right hand, with terror arm'd
Shall thy obdurate foes dismay;
While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy righteous sway.

ACT II.

DOUBLE CHORUS. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

Your harps and cymbals sound,
To great JEHOVAH's praise;
Unto the Lord of Hosts
Your willing voices raise.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

(JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel
For blessings on this exemplary zeal:
Bless him, Jehovah! bless him; and once more
To thine own Israel liberty restore.

SONG.

O Liberty! thou choicest treasure,
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure;
Life, without thee, knows no blessing,
No endearment worth caressing.

PASTORAL SYMPHONY. (Messiah.) *Handel.*

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

RECIT. acc.

And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

RECIT.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!

RECIT. acc.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good-will towards men!

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (JUDAS MAC.) *Handel.*

I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright cherubin between,
His radiant glory erst display'd;
To Israel's distressful pray'r
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,
And points out Macchabæus to their aid.
Judah shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

SONG.

Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble cause,
The cause of Heaven your zeal demands!
In defence of your nation, religion, and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright array,
Judah, thy sceptre to obey!

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The depths have covered them; they sank into the bottom as a stone.

CHORUS.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

GLEE, Five Voices. *Morley.*

Now is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing,
Fa, la, la, la, la;
Each with his bonny lass,
A dancing on the grass,
Fa, la, la, la, la.

ANTHEM. *Handel.*

The King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord; exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation.

Glory and great worship shalt thou lay upon him; thou hast prevented him with the blessings of goodness, and hast set a crown of pure gold upon his head.

HALLELUJAH!

END OF THE NINTH CONCERT.

(No. X.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1807.

ACT I.

ACIS AND GALATEA. Part First.	}	
Movement. (*From Handel's Lessons.*)	}	*Handel.*
Acis and Galatea. Part Second.	}	

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	(*Pastor Fido 2d*)	*Handel.*
Recit. O loss of sight. }		
Song. Total Eclipse. }	(*Samson.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. O first created. }		
Portugueze Hymn. Adeste fideles.		
Madrigale. Chi mai d'iniqua.		*Bunoncini.*
Recit. He that dwelleth. }		
Song. Thou shalt break. }	(*Messiah.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Hallelujah. }		
Concerto 2nd.		*Corelli.*
Song & Chorus. Come if you dare.	(*King Arthur.*)	*Purcell.*
Madrigale. Amidst the myrtles.		*Battishill.*
Song. Lascia amor.	(*Orlando.*)	*Handel.*
Air and Chorus. O Lord.	(*Det. Te Deum.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

ACIS and GALATEA,

A SERENATA.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

O the pleasures of the plains!
Happy nymphs, and happy swains!
Harmless, merry, free and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.
For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flow'rs display their hue.
For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine,
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Ye verdant plains and woody mountains,
Purling streams, and bubbling fountains;
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleasures which ye yield:
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.

Hush! ye pretty warbling choir;
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire.

Cease your song, and take your flight,
Bring back my ACIS to my sight!

Da Capo.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Acis. Lo! hear my love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes,
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing
And sheds delicious death;
Love on her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath.

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Galat. O didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove,
Laments her love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.

DUET. Mrs. VAUGHAN and Mr. HARRISON,

and CHORUS.

Happy we;
What joys I feel! What charms I see!
Of all youths, thou dearest boy!
Of all nymphs, thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!

ACIS and GALATEA,

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

Wretched lovers! fate has past
This sad decree: No joy shall last:
Wretched lovers, quit your dream,
Behold the monster Polypheme!
See what ample strides he takes,
The mountain nods, the forest shakes,
The waves run frighten'd to the shores,
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECIT. acc. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Poly. I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart,
Thou trusty pine!
Prop of my godlike steps!—I lay thee by.
Bring me an hundred reeds, of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth,
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe,
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
  O nymph, more bright
  Than moon-shine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre,
  Yet hard to tame,
  As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster! *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN, and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Poly. Whither, fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?
Gal. The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.
Poly. Thee, Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire and to love;
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock,
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of glossy blue,
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gathered by thy hand.
Gal. Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monster! bid some other guest,
I loath the host, I loath the feast.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Aci. His hideous love provokes my rage,
Weak as I am, I must engage.
Inspir'd by thy victorious charms,
he God of love will lend his arms.

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Gal. Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth,
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth, and powers above,
The pow'rs propitious still to love.

TRIO. Mrs. VAUGHAN, Mr. HARRISON,
and BARTLEMAN.

Acis. The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
Gal. The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.
Poly. Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot bear.
Acis. Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee,
Gal. Not sleep to toil so easing,
As those dear smiles to me.
Poly. Fly swift, thou massy ruin fly!
Die presumptuous ACIS! die!

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON.

Acis. Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn all ye muses, weep all ye swains,
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains,
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighb'ring
shore,
Ah! the gentle Acis is no more.

AIR. Mrs. VAUGHAN and CHORUS.

Gal. Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious, crush'd beneath that stone.
Cho. Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve,
Bewail not whom thou canst relieve.
Gal. Must the lovely charming youth,
Die for his constancy and truth?
Cho. Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art,
The goddess soon can heal the smart;
Gal. Say, what comfort can you find,
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind?
Cho. To kindred gods, the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Gal. 'Tis done; thus I exert my pow'r divine,
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart, the seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright:
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood.
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows,
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears,
Acis now a god appears;
See how he rears him from his bed,
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail, thou gentle murm'ring stream,
Shepherd's pleasure, muses theme,
Through the plains still joy to rove,
Murm'ring still thy gentle love.

ACT II.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

O loss of sight! of thee I most complain!
O worse than beggary, old age, or chains!
My very soul in real darkness dwells.

SONG.

Total eclipse! no sun, no moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me!

CHORUS.

O first created beam, and thou great word!
Let there be light! and light was over all;
One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball!
To thy dark servant life by light afford.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

The Solo Parts by Mrs. VAUGHAN,

Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, & BARTLEMAN.

Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes
Venite in Bethlehem,
Natum videte regem angelorum;
Venite adoremus dominum.

Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine
Gestant pullæ viscera:
Deum verum, genitum non factum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo, qui natus die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria.
Patris æterni, verbum caro factum
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc io! chorus angelorum;
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium;
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

MADRIGALE. *Buononcini.*

Mrs. VAUGHAN, Mess. KNYVETT, & HARRISON, and J. B. SALE.

Chi mai d'iniqua stella
Provò tenor più rio;
Che vide mai, del mio
Più tormentato cor.
Tradito son da quella
Che fu la prima, oh Dio!
Da ch'imparò il cor mio
A sospirar d'amor.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision.

SONG.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

HALLELUJAH!

SONG. Mr. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

(King Arthur.) *Handel.*

Come, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound.
We come, we come, says the double beat of the thund'ring drum.
Now they charge on amain; now they rally again;
The gods from above the mad labour behold;
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.
The fainting Saxons quit the ground;
Their trumpets languish in the sound.
They fly! they fly! Victoria! the bold Britons cry;
Now the victory's won, to the plunder we run;
Then return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

MADRIGAL. *Battishill.*

Mrs. VAUGHAN, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, ELLIOTT, and J. B. SALE.

Amidst the myrtles as I walk,
Love and myself thus enter talk,
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my shepherdess?
Says Love to me, thou foolish swain,
Thy search in myrtle groves is vain;
Examine well thy noblest part,
Thou'lt find her seated in thine heart.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ORLANDO.) *Handel.*

Lascia Amor, e siegui Marte,
Và, combatti per la gloria,
Sol oblio quel it comparte;
Questo sol bella memoria. *Da Capo.*

AIR. Mr. W. KNYVETT, and CHORUS.

(DETTINGEN TE DEUM.) *Handel.*

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

END OF THE TENTH CONCERT.

(No. XI.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL FORTESCUE,

FOR

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1807.

ACT I.

Overture. *(Semele.)* *Handel.*

Israel in Egypt, First Part. *Handel.*

ACT II.

Concerto 2d. *(Opera.)* *Handel.*

Israel in Egypt, Part Second. *Handel.*

ACT I.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

PART THE FIRST.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Now there arose a new King over Egypt, which knew not Joseph: And he set over Israel task-masters to afflict them with burdens; and they made them serve with rigour.

CHORUS.

And the Children of Israel sigh'd by the reason of the bondage, and their cry came up unto God.

They oppress'd them with burdens, and made them serve with rigour.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Then sent he Moses his servant, and Aaron whom he had chosen.

These shewed his signs among them, and wonders in the land of Ham.

He turned their waters into blood.

CHORUS.

They loathed to drink of the river.

SONG. Mr. Wm. KNYVETT.

Their land brought forth frogs, yea even in their king's chamber.

He gave their cattle over to the pestilence, blotches and blains broke forth on man and beast.

CHORUS.

He spake the [illegible] and there came all manner of flies, and lice, in all their quarters.

He spake, and the locusts came without number and devour'd the fruit of their ground.

CHORUS.

He gave them hailstones for rain; fire, mingled with the hail, ran along upon the ground.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Great Jehovah's awful word
The afflicted land to rest restor'd,
And calm'd the troubled sky;
Dreadful thunders roll no more,
No lightnings flash, no torrents roar,
And whirlwinds in soft breezes die.

CHORUS.

He sent a thick darkness over all the land, even darkness that might be felt.

CHORUS.

He smote all the first-born of Egypt, the chief of all their strength.

CHORUS.

But as for his people, he led them forth like sheep. He brought them out with silver and gold, there was not one feeble person among their tribes.

CHORUS.

He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up.

CHORUS.

He led them through the deep as through a wilderness.

CHORUS.

But the waters overwhelmed their enemies, -their was not one of them left.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

God looking down, confounded all their host,
And craz'd their chariot wheels;
When by command, Moses once more his potent
rod extends
Over the sea.—The sea his rod obeys.
On their embattled ranks the waves return
And overwhelm their war.

SONG.

Wave from wave congeal'd with wonder,
Stood a crystal wall asunder,
But rejoin'd at his dread thunder,
Whose right hand their strength controll'd.
Jordan's foamy streams complying,
From the Almighty's presence flying,
Nature's constant laws denying,
To their murm'ring fountain roll'd.

CHORUS.

And Israel saw the great work, that the Lord did upon the Egyptians, and the people feared the Lord.

CHORUS.

And believed the Lord and his servant Moses.

ACT II.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

Moses and the Children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord, and spake saying:

CHORUS.

I will sing unto the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

DUET. Mrs. VAUGHAN and Mr. HARRISON.

The Lord is my strength and my song, he is become my salvation.

CHORUS.

He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation, my father's God,

CHORUS.

And I will exalt him.

DUET. Mr. BARTLEMAN, and Mr. BELLAMY.

The Lord is a man of war, Lord is his name, Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.

CHORUS.

The depths have covered them; they sank into the bottom as a stone.

CHORUS.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

CHORUS.

And in the greatness of thine excellency, thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee.

SEMI-CHORUS.

And with the blast of thy nostrils, the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap; the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil, my lust shall be satisfied upon them, I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Thou didst blow with the wind; the sea covered them, they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, amongst the Gods; who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders.

DUET. Mr. W. KNYVETT and Mr. HARRISON,

Thou in thy mercy hast led forth thy people which thou hast redeemed. Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation.

CHORUS.

The people shall hear, and be afraid; sorrow shall take hold on them; all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away by the greatness of thy arm, they shall be as still as a stone, till thy people pass over O Lord, which thou hast purchased.

CHORUS.

The Lord hath given strength unto his people; the Lord hath given his people the blessing of peace.

SONG Mr. W. KNYVETT.

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.

CHORUS.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

For the host of Pharoah went in with his chariots, and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them; but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

CHORUS.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them,

AIR. Mrs. VAUGHAN, and CHORUS.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

END OF THE ELEVENTH CONCERT.

(No. XII.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1807.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (*Deidamia.*) *Handel.*
Anthem. My heart is inditing. *Handel.*
Chorus. Questo e il cielo.
Song. Di cor mio quanto. } (*Alcina.*) *Handel.*
Concerto 6th. (Opera 3rd.) *Geminiani.*
Song. Se possono tanto. (*Porus.*) *Handel.*
Glee. When first you courted.
Recit. O fatal Jealousy!
Chorus. Tyrants now. } (*Hercules.*) *Handel.*
GOD SAVE THE KING.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (*Pharamond.*) *Handel.*
Song. Laudamus te. *Pergolesi.*
Quintetto. Peccantem me. *Perez.*
Concerto 2nd. *Ricciotti.*
Canzonetta. Solitario bosco. *Handel.*
Recit. Lode agli Dei.
Duet. Se mai turbo. } (*Porus.*) *Handel.*
Recit. Search round the world.
Chorus. May no rash intruder. } (*Solom.*) *Handel.*
Recit. It must be so.
Song. Pour forth no more.
Chorus. No more to Ammon's. } (*Jephthah.*) *Handel.*
Recit. Not venial error.
Quartetto and Chorus.
Ere to dust. } (*Time and Truth.*) *Handel.*
Double Chorus. Praise the Lord. (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*

ACT I.

ANTHEM. *Handel.*

My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made unto the king.

Kings daughters were among their honourable women.

Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in vesture of gold; and the king shall have pleasure in thy beauty.

Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers.

CHORUS. (ALCINA.) *Handel.*

Questo e il cielo di contenti
Questo e il centro del goder
Qui è L'Eliso de' vìventi
Qui L'Eroi forma il piacer.

SONG, Mrs. VAUGHAN. (ALCINA.) *Handel.*

Di cor mio quanto t'amai,
Mostra il bosco, il fonte, il rio;
Dove tacqui e sospirai,
Pria di chiederti mercè.
Dove fisso nè miei rai,
Sospirando al sospir mio,
Mi dicesti con un sguardo
Peno ed ardo al par di te. *Da Capo.*

SONG, Mr. BARTLEMAN. (PORUS.) *Handel.*

Se possono tanto due luci vezzose
Son degne di pianto le furie gelose
D'un alma infelice d'un misero cor.
S'accenda un momento chi sgrida chi dice
Che vano èl tormento, che ingiusto è il dolor. *Da Capo.*

GLEE. Mrs. VAUGHAN, Messrs. HARRISON, Wm. KNYVETT, and J. B. SALE.

When first you courted me, I own
I fondly favour'd you;
Apparent worth and high renown
Made me believe you true—*Donald.*
Each virtue then seem'd to adorn
The man esteem'd by me;
But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn
To waste one thought on thee—*Donald.*

O then for ever haste away,
  Away from love and me;
Go seek a heart that's like your own,
  And come no more to me—*Donald.*
For I'll reserve myself alone
  For one that's more like me;
If such a friend I cannot find,
  I'll fly from love and thee—*Donald.*

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (HERCULES.) *Handel.*

O, fatal jealousy! O, cruel recompence
Of virtue in severest labours try'd.

CHORUS.

Tyrants now no more shall dread,
On necks of vanquis'd slaves to tread,
Horrid forms of monstrous birth,
Again shall vex the groaning earth;
Fear of punishment is o'er,
The world's avenger is no more.

GOD SAVE THE KING, Verse and Full Chorus.

AIR. Mrs. VAUGHAN, and Chorus.

I.

GOD save great GEORGE our King,
Long live our noble King,
  God save the King.

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

QUARTETTO and CHORUS

II.

O Lord, our God! arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

DUET. Messrs. HARRISON and BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

III.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On George be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

ACT II.

SONG. Mrs. VAUGHAN. *Pergolesi.*

Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te.

QUINTETTO. *Perez.*

Mrs. VAUGHAN, Mrs. SHEPLEY,
Messrs. HARRISON, Wm. KNYVETT, and
J. B. SALE.

Peccatem, peccantem me quotidie,
Et non me penitentem
Timor mortis conturbat me,
Quia in inferno nulla est Redemptio
Miserere mei Deus et salva me.

CANZONETTA. Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

Solitario bosco ombroso,
A te vien' afflitto cor,
Per trovar qualche riposo
Nel silenzio e nell orror.

Ogni ogetti ch' altrui piace
Per me lieto piu non è ;
Ho perduto la mia pace,
Son' io stesso in odio a me.

RECIT. Mrs. VAUGHAN and Mr. BARTLEMAN.
(PORUS.) *Handel.*

Porus. Lode agli Dei. Son persuaso alfine
Della tua fedeltà.

Cleofida. Lode agli Dei,
Pora di me si fida,
Più geloso non è.
Ricordo il giuramento.

Porus. La promessa rammento.

Cleofida. Si conosce.

Porus. Si vede.

Cleofida. Che placido amator!

Porus. Che bella fede !

DUET.

Porus. Se mai turbo il tuo riposo
Se m'accendo ad altro lume
Pace mai non abbia il cor.

Cleofida. Se mai piu sarò geloso
Mi punisca il sacro Nume
Che dell' Indie e' domator.

Porus. Infidel quest' e' l'amore?

Cleofida. Menzognier quest è la fede?

Both. Chi non crede al mio dolore
Che lo possa un di provar.

Porus. Per chi perdo o giusti Dei,
Il riposo de' miei giorni.

Cleofida. A chi mai gl'affetti miei
Giusti Dei serbai sin' ora.

Both. Ah! si mora e non si torni
Per l'ingrata a Sospirar. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

Search round the world, there never yet was seen
So wise a monarch, or so chaste a queen.

CHORUS.

May no rash intruder disturb their soft hours;
To form fragrant pillows, arise, O ye flowers!
Ye zephyrs soft breathing their slumbers prolong,
While nightingales lull them to sleep with their song.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

It must be so: or these vile Ammonites
(Our lordly tyrants now these eighteen years)
Will crush the race of Israel.——
Since Heaven vouchsafes not, with immediate choice,
To point us out a leader as before,
Ourselves must chuse: and who so fit a man
As Gilead's son, our brother, valiant Jephthah?
True, we have slighted, scorn'd expell'd him hence,
As of a stranger born: but well I know him:
His generous soul disdains a mean revenge,
When his distressful country calls his aid:
And, perhaps, Heaven may favour our request,
If with repentant hearts we sue for mercy.

SONG.

Pour forth no more unheeded prayers
To idols deaf and vain;
No more with vile unhallo[illegible]'d
The sacred rites profane. *Da Capo*

CHORUS.

No more to Ammon's God and King,
Fierce Moloch, shall our cymbals ring
In dismal dance around the furnace blue,
Chemosh no more
Will we adore
With timbrell'd anthems to Jehovah due.

~~~~~~

RECIT. (TIME AND TRUTH.) *Handel.*

Time. Not venial error this, but stubborn pride,
To leave a sure and friendly guide,
Who seeing you bewilder'd stray,
Points out the short and easy way.
But see, the happy port before you lies,
And TIME exhorts you to be wise.

Beauty. Darkly as through a cloud I see
The immense treasures of futurity;
But present joys my heart perplex,
That, tho' inclin'd I cannot fix
To leave this scene for immortality.

Counsel. Hear the call of truth and duty,
And to folly bid adieu;
E'er to dust is chang'd that beauty,
Change the heart, and good pursue.
~~~~~~

QUARTETTO and CHORUS.

E'er to dust is hang'd that beanty,
Change the heart, and good pursue.

DOUBLE CHORUS. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

Praise the Lord with harp and tongue,
Praise him all ye old and young,
He's in mercy ever strong;
Praise the Lord thro' ev'ry state;
Praise the Lord thro' ev'ry land:
Praise him early, praise him late,
God alone is good and great.

END OF THE TWELFTH CONCERT.

Printed by D. N. SHURY, No. 7, Berwick Street, Soho.

AN

ALPHABETICAL LIST

OF THE

SUBSCRIBERS

TO THE

Antient Music,

FOR THE PRESENT SEASON,

1807.

A

LIST, &c.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

THEIR MAJESTIES.

DIRECTORS.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,
EARL OF DARTMOUTH,
EARL OF UXBRIDGE,
EARL FORTESCUE,
EARL OF DARNLEY,
EARL OF WILTON,
LORD VIS. FITZWILLIAM.

SUBSCRIBERS.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT, 2 Subscrips.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX. 7

Argyle, Duke of
Amherst, R. H. D. Lady
Ashburnham, R. H. Ly. E.
Ashburnham, R. H. Ly. H.
Arden, Lord
Arden, Lady
Ashbrooke, Lord Vt.
Ashbrooke Lady, Vtss.
Alvanley, Lady
Abbot, R. Hon. Charles

Abbot, Mrs.
Atherton, Mr. Henry
Atherton, Miss
Arnold, Dr.
Arnold, Mrs.
Adair, Mr.
Adair, Mrs.
Adams, Mr.
Adams, Mr. Charles
Adams, Mr. W. Dacre
Askew, Mr.
Askew, Mrs.
Askew, Miss D.
Angerstien, Mr. J. J.
Ainslie, Mr. Robert
Anderdon, Mr.
Aldersey, Mrs.
Ashurst, Mr. W. H.
Ashurt, Mrs.
Allen, Miss
Anderson, Mr.
Adams, Miss
Atkins, Mr.
Atkins, Mrs. 34

Blandford, Marss. of
Banbury, Countess of
Bentinck, Lord Charles
Brooke, Lord W. D.
Brownlow, Lord
Boston, Lord
Bath & Wells, Ld. Bp. of
Bisshopp, Sir Cecil, Bart.
Bligh, Hon. General
Broderick, Hon. W.
Butler, Hon. Mrs.
Bromley, Lady
Blackett, Sir William
Blackett, Lady
Burdett, Lady
Baker, Lady
Bell, Rev. Dr.
Browning, Rev. Dr.
Beaumont, Mrs.
Brown, Mr.
Brown, Mrs.
Brown, Miss
Brown, Mr. George
Brown, Major
Balfour, Mrs.
Baldwyn, Mrs.
Bowles, Mr. George
Bosanquet, Mr. C.
Burton, Mr.
Burton, Mrs.
Barker, Mr. Raymond
Barker, Mrs. Raymond
Burnand, Mrs.
Brooke, Mr.
Brooke, Mrs.
Barker, Mrs.
Baring, Mr. Thomas

Baring, Mrs.
Brocus, Mrs.
Burney, Dr. Charles
Bate, Mr.
Bate, Mrs.
Bonar, Mr.
Bonar, Mrs.
Bonar, Miss
Bonar, Mr. Thompson
Brent, Mr. D.
Blackman, Mrs.
Barton, Mrs.
Bambridge, Miss
Batt, Mr.
Batt, Mrs.
Barne, Mr. Barne
Bonham, Mr. Henry
Bonham, Mrs. Henry
Birch, Col.
Bentham, Mr.
Bentham, Mrs.
Bond, Mr.
Bernard, Mr.
Bernard, Mrs.
Brickwood, Mr. John
Boddington, Mr. S.
Batty, Mr. Charles
Batty, Mrs. Charles
Bell, Mr.
Bell, Mrs.
Bell, Mr. John
Bruce, Mr. Crawford
Bruce, Mrs. Crawford
Bradberry, Mr.
Buller, Mr.
Buller, Miss
Buller, Miss
Brownrigg, General
Brownrigg, Miss
Baker, Mrs.
Barnett, Capt. 78

Canterbury, L. A. B. of
Chesterfield, Countess of
Cholmondley, Earl of
Curzon, Lord Viscount
Castlereagh, Lord Vis.
Cave, Lady
Chambers, Lady
Chambers, Miss
Cotterell, Sir Stephen
Chester, Dean of
Cornwallis, Hon. Mrs.
Cornwallis, Miss
Currie, Mr. John
Currie, Mr. Isaac
Currie, Mrs. Isaac
Children, Mr.
Canning, Mr. H.

Connop, Mr.
Connop, Mrs.
Connop, Miss
Corbett, Miss
Corbett, Miss A.
Courtenay, Mr. Tho.
Courtenay, Miss
Courtenay, Miss A.
Champion, Mr. B.
Champion, Miss
Cooke, Mrs. Bryant
Cary, Miss
Clarke, Mrs.
Cannon, Rev. Edward
Caswall, Mrs.
Caswall, Miss
Calvert, Mr. Charles
Calvert, Mr. Robert
Cowper, Lieut. Col.
Cox, Mr. S. C.
Chamier, Mr.
Chambers, Mr.
Chambers, Mrs.
Clark, Rev. Mr.
Cator, Mr. John
Cator, Mrs. 43

Dorset, Duchess of
Dartmouth Countess of
Downshire, Marchss. of
Darnley, Countess of
Dudley & Ward, Ld. V.
Dudley & Ward, Ly. V.
Dunstanville, Lord De
Dacre, Dowager Lady
Damer, Lady C.
Dundas, Gen. Sir David
Deny, Lady Char.
Deny, Mr.
Davis, Rev. Dr.
Dorrien, Mr. G.
Dorrien, Mrs. G.
Dorrien, Mr. T.
Dorrien, Mrs. T.
Dorrien, Miss
Drummond, Mr. C.
Drummond, Mrs. C.
Dawson, Mr.
Dampier, Mrs.
Dixon, Mr.
Dixon, Mrs.
Deverell, Mr. 25

Effingham, Earl of
Effingham Countess of
Errol, Dowager, Lady
Ellenborough, Lord
Ellenborough, Lady
Ely, Lord Bishop of
Eden, Hon. Wm. F.
Eden, Sir Frederic
Eden, Miss
Edmonstone, Mr.
Edmonstone, Mrs.
Eyton, Mr.
Egerton, Miss
Egerton, Mr.
Egerton, Mrs
Egerton, Mr. Wilbram
Egerton, Mrs. Wilbram
Evans, Mrs.
Eyre, Mrs.
Estcourt, Mr. T.
Estcourt, Mrs. T.
Everet, Mr. W.
Everet, Mrs. W. 23

Forbes, Lord
Fermor, Hon. Col.
Fouquire, Mrs.
Farmer, Mr.
Forster, Mr. E. Junior
Forster, Mrs. E.
Free, Mr. P.
Free, Mrs.
Fletcher, Mr. Joseph
Fletcher, Miss
Fothergill, Miss
Fitzherbert, Mr. T.
Franklin, Mr.
Franklin, Mr. W.
Franklin, Miss
Fraser, Miss Makenzie
Franco, Mr. S. 17

Grosvenor, Countess of
Grosvenor, Hon. D.
Grosvenor, Hon. Gen.
Grosvenor, Miss
Grosvenor, Rev. Robert
Gosford, Earl of
Gosford, Countess of
Guildford, Countess of
Grimstone, Lord Vis.
Grimstone, Hon. Miss
Grimstone, Hon. Miss E.
Gardine, Sir J. W
Glynne, Lady
Grose, Sir Nash
Grose, Mrs.
Grose, Miss
Gage, Sir T. Bart.

Graham, Mr. Baron
Graham, Lady
Grant, Mr. Hy.
Grant, Mrs. Hy.
Grant, Miss
Gibbs, Lady
Gibbs, Miss
Gosling, Mr. F.
Gosling, Mrs. F.
Gosling, Miss
Gosling, Mrs.
Gaussen, Mr.
Gaussen, Miss
Gillon, Mr. John
Gwatkin, Mr.
Gwatkin, Mrs.
Graham, Mr.
Graham, Mrs.
Gregg, Mr. F.
Gregg, Mrs. F.
Grigby, Mr.
Greville, Rev. James
Gifford, Mr. Wm. 40

Hampden, Lord Viscount
Hawarden, Lord Vis.
Hawarden, Lady Viss.
Howick, Viscount
Hudson, Lady
Hudson, Miss
Harris, Lady Catherine
Hastings, Lady
Hawkins, Sir C.
Heathcote, Mrs.
Heathcote, Miss
Heathcote, Mr.
Heathcote, Mrs.
Heathcote, Miss
Hoare, Mr. H.
Hoare, Mrs. H.
Hoare, Miss
Hibbert, Mr. G.
Hibbert, Miss
Hibbert, Miss Caroline
Heaviside, Mr.
Holford, Mr. Robert
Houblon, Mrs.
Houblon, Miss
Houblon, Miss L.
Hatsell, Mr.
Hatsell, Miss
Harthall, Mr. Van
Hutton, Mrs.
Holloway, Mr. Thomas
Hanbury, Mrs.
Hanbury, Mrs. F.
Hall, Mr. R.
Hall, Mrs. R.
Hammersley, Mr.

Hughes, Mr.
Hughes, Mrs.
Hallifax, Mr. Saville
Hatton, Mr. E. F.
Hardinge, Mr. G.
Hobson, Mr.
Hume, Mrs.
Hawkins, Mr. Bolton 43

Jersey, Countess of
Ibbetson, Lady
Ibbetson, Miss
Jones, Rt. Hon. T.
Jones, Rev. Dr.
Jones, Mrs.
Jones, General
Jones, Mrs.
Ireland, Rev. Dr.
Joddrell, Mr. H.
Joddrell, Mrs.
Jeffery, Mr. John
Johnson, Mr. C.
Jones, Mr. William
Jones, Mrs.
Jones, Mr. Walter
Jones, Mrs. Walter 17

Kenyon, Lord
Kenyon, Lady
Knox, Hon. Thomas
Knox, Hon. George
King, Rev. George
Keysall, Mr.
Knightley, Mrs.
Kynnersley, Mrs.
Kymer, Mr.
Kymer, Mrs.
Kymer, Miss E.
Kemp, Mrs. 12

Limerick, Countess of
Longford, Lord
Lucas, Lady
Liddle, Sir Thomas
Liddle, Lady
Long, Lady, C. T.
Long, Mr.
Long, Mrs.
Leighton, Mrs.
Leycester, Mr. Hugh
Leigh, Miss
Lane, Mr.
Lefevre, Mr. Shaw
Lawrell, Mrs.
Ley, Mr.
Lang, Mr.
Lang, Mrs.

Lemon, Col.
Ladbroke, Mr.
Ladbroke, Mrs.
Lovedon, Mr.
Lovedon, Mrs.
Lewis, Mr.
Lambert, Mr. C.
Lawrence, Mr. T. 25

Mansfield, Earl of
Mansfield, Countess of
Macdonald, Lord
Macdonald, Hon. Col.
Mordaunt, General
Manning, Mr.
Manning, Mrs.
Manning, Miss
Milward, Mrs.
Meyricke, Mr.
Meyricke, Mrs.
Mills, Mr. C.
Morton, Mrs.
Mount, Mr.
Mount, Mrs.
Mount, Miss
Marsh, Mr.
Marsh, Miss
Magens, Mr. D.
Magens, Hon. Mrs. D.
Musgrave, Mr.
Musgrave, Mrs.
Meysey, Mrs.
Mathias, Mr. T. J.
Master, Mr. T.
Marsden, Mr.
Maloni, Miss
Montgomery, Miss
Mosely, Miss 29

Northwick, Lord
Neave, Lady
Neave, Mrs. John
Neave, Mr. R.
North, Miss L.
North, Mr. Dudley
Nixon, Mr. John
Norman, Mrs.
Naylor, Miss
Nesbit, Mr. John 10

Oglander, Mrs.
Oom, Mr.
Oom, Mrs.
Oram, Mr.
Omaney, Mr. E.

Ord, Mr.
Ord, Mrs.
Ogleby, Mr. James 8

Pomfret, Earl of
Penrhyne, Lord
Penrhyne, Lady
Preston, Lady
Pusey, Hon Mr.
Pagett, Hon. Captain
Pagett, Hon. Berkly
Peat, Rev. Sir Robt.
Pepys, Sir Lucas
Pepys, Sir Weller
Prime, Mr.
Prime, Mrs.
Prime, Mr. Richard
Prime, Miss
Prime, Miss E.
Prime, Miss F.
Powel, Mr. John Clerk
Palmer, Mr. T.
Penny, Mrs.
Preston, Mrs.
Pearse, Mr. John
Pearse, Mrs. John
Pearse, Mr. N.
Pearse, Mrs. N.
Porcher, Mr.
Porcher, Mrs.
Phipps, Hon. Major Gen.
Pieschell, Mr. C.
Pechelle, Miss Ann
Pigou, Mr. William
Pigou, Mrs. William
Pitt, Mr. Thomas
Pole, Mr. C.
Pole, Mrs. C.
Pott, Mr.
Pott, Mrs.
Price, Dr.
Price, Mrs.
Parnther, Mr.
Parnther, Mrs.
Pattison, Mr. James
Parker, Rev. John
Purling, Mr. G.
Parker, Mr. J. Lister
Perring, Mr. John
Pote, Mr.
Praed, Mr. W.
Pilgrim, Mr. C. 48

Radnor, Earl of
Rochford, Earl of
Ranelagh, Viscount
Reay, Lord
Reade, Dowager Lady

Read, Lieutenant General
Raikes, Mr.
Raikes, Mrs.
Raikes, Miss
Raikes, Mr. J. M.
Raikes, Mrs. J. M.
Rolle, Miss M.
Rowe, Mrs.
Roe, Mr.
Roe, Miss
Robinson, Rev. Mr.
Robarts, Mr. W. T.
Rogers, Mr. Henry
Rebow, Col. Slater
Rebow, Mrs. Slater
Ryder, Mr.
Richards, Mr. J. B.
Raine, Dr.
Raine, Miss
Reeve, Mr. S.
Reeve, Miss
Rucker, Mr.
Rucker, Mrs.
Raynsford, Mr.
Richardson, Mrs. 30

Spencer, Earl
Selkirk, Earl of
Sidmouth, Lord Viscount
St. Vincent, Countess of
Sunderlin, Lord
Sommerville, Lord
Stephens, Sir Philip, Bt.
Shelley, Sir John, Bt.
Sheffield, Lady
Spencer, Lady E.
Spencer, Mr. John
Sykes, Sir Mark
Scott, Sir Joseph, Bt.
Smyth, Lady
Steele, Rt. Hon. T.
Smith, Sir John, Bt.
Smith, SirDrummond, Bt.
Smith, Lady
Smith, Lady Burges
Smith, Mr. John
Smith, Mrs. J.
Smith, Mr. G.
Smith, Mrs. G.
Smith, Mr. C.
Smith, Mrs. C.
Smith, Mr. S.
Smith, Mr. Joseph
Smith, Mr. James
Smith, Mrs. James
Smith, Mr. W.
Smith, Mrs. W.
Smith, Mr. Robert
Smith, Mr. Thomas
Stainforth, Mr.
Stainforth, Mrs.
Staniforth, Mrs.

Stanley, Mr.
Simpson, Mr.
Simpson, Mrs.
Simpson, Mr. G.
Simpson, Mrs. G.
Sharp, Mr. R.
Scott, Mr. Claude
Scott, Mrs. Claude
Simeon, Mr.
Simeon, Mrs.
Simeon, Miss
Selwyn, Mr. W.
Selwyn, Mrs.
Selwyn, Miss F.
Shum, Mrs.
Shum, Miss
Standish, Mr.
Salmon, Miss
Short, Miss
Sloan, Mrs. Hans
Sloan, Mr. Wm.
Salt, Mr.
Sanford, Mr. G.
Savage, Rev. Mr.
Simms, Dr.
Sanby, Miss
Shard, Mrs. S.
Shipley, Mrs. C. L.
Sloper, Miss
Sapte, Mr.
Stables, Mrs.
Stables, Miss F.
Stevens, Mr. 69

Turner, Sir John
Turner, Lady
Turner, Mr. John
Turner, Mrs.
Talbot, Sir C.
Townshend, Hon. Miss
Trigge, Sir Tho.
Trigge, Lady
Taylor, Rev. George
Turquand, Mr.
Thelluson, Mrs. C.
Turing, Mr.
Turing, Mrs.
Turing, Miss
Trevelyan, Miss
Trant, Mr.
Tippet, Mrs.
Tippet, Miss
Thornton, Mr.
Thornton, Mrs.
Thornton, Miss
Thornton, Miss 22

Uxbridge, Countess of
Udny, Captain
Upton, Hon. Miss 3

Vernon, Lord
Vernon, Lady
Vernon, Miss
Vernon, Mr.
Vernon, Mrs.
Vere, Mrs.
Voss, Mr.
Voss, Mrs. 8

Winchester, Ld. Bishop of
Winterton, Countess of
Whitworth, Lord
Wodehouse, Lord
Windsor, Rev. Dean of
Warrender, Sir George
Wollaston, Rev. Mr.
Wollaston, Miss Ann
Wollaston, Mr. Charlton
Wollaston, Dr.
Willis, Mrs.
Willis, Miss A.
Wynn, Miss Williams

West, Mr. Temple
Weyland, Mr.
Weyland, Miss M.
Weyland, Miss L. C.
Webber, Mrs.
Webber, Miss
Wheeler, Rev. Mr.
Wigram, Lady
Wigram, Mr. J.
Wigram, Mr. W.
Wigram, Mr.
Wigram, Miss
Wigram, Miss E.
Woodford, Mr.
Wigan, Rev. Mr.
Wall, Mr.
Wall, Mrs.
Warburton, Mr.
Warburton, Miss
Way, Mr.
Wright, Lieut. Col.
Williams, Mr.
Williams, Mrs.
Williams, Mr. R.
Williams, Mrs. R.
Winter, Mr.
Winter, Miss
Winter, Miss E.
Winter, Miss F.
Woodgate, Mr. H.
Whitmore, Mrs. W.

Wishaw, Mr.
Wegg, Mr.
Wegg, Mrs.
Wetham, Mrs.
Walpole, Mr. Robert
Willet, Mr.
Willet, Mrs.
Woodcock, Mr. John
Whitelock, Genl.
Wthielock, Mrs.
Whitelock, Miss
Watts, Mr. D. P.
Watts, Mrs.
Williams, Mr. Owen
Williams, Mrs. Owen 59

York, Hon. Mrs.
York, Mr. Joseph 2

Royal Subscription....7
Subscribers.........643

Total......652